

(it being then the month called January) our lodging was extremely bad. But our stay was not long in this wretched place, before my master took me and my children to the French, in order to get a chapman for us. When we came among them, I was exposed to sale, and the price my master put upon me was 800 livres. But nobody appearing disposed to comply with his demands, and a Frenchman offering no more than 600 livres, it threw him into such a rage, that he said in his passion, if he could not have his price, he would burn me and the babe in the view of the city of Port-Royal. The Frenchman bade him make the fire; and added, "I will help you, if you think that will do you more good than 600 livres;" calling him fool, and roughly bidding him begone: but at the same time he was very civil to me; and for my encouragement bade me be of good cheer, for I should be redeemed, and not go back with the Indian again.---I was obliged, however, to retire with my master that night; but the next morning I was redeemed for 600 livres.

In driving the bargain with my master, the Frenchman asked him why he demanded so much for the little babe's ransom? urging, that when it came to have its belly-full it would die. The Indian said, No; it would not die; having already lived twenty-six days
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